



SIX HUNDRED MILES DONE.

DAZIEL ACCOMPLISHES THE LONG PROMISED EXPLODE.**All Six Men Placed About \$10,000 for the Winner—Hart and Hughes Shake Hands—Hart's Escape—Lucky and Unlucky Hatters—Six Days Put into Figures.**

The great foot race is over, and the question is whether a pedestrian would finally travel six hundred miles in six days has been more than verified. The contest ended with the following records:

Hazel	600 miles
Fitzgerald	572 miles
Noremac	555 miles
Hart	548 miles
Hughes	535 miles
Bowen	525 miles

The race on the last day was watched by at least six thousand spectators, and was prolific of interesting incidents.

The Garden became very cold after 1 o'clock yesterday morning. Windows were open on every side, and a strong north wind came down the track, making an ulcer. When the janitor was huddled up and the windows were shut, Fitzgerald announced that he would stay on the track all night, and Hart vowed he would run Noremac down. With this intent he put on the gray can be worn when he won the O'Leary race. When Sullivan remeasured at 1:44, he told the scorers that his leg was very sore, and that he couldn't do anything with it at all. His face was flushed and drawn. Noremac allowed Hart to get within six miles of him, and then came trotting from his hut, at 3:15, in his striped shirt. Hazel showed himself on the rails in front of pedestrian Bowe for a half hour very heavily. Occasionally a horse would jump between them. The plucky Londoner looked up, snuffed, and resolved what to say in his mind an instant.

"Do you feel like ever taking another six-day race?"

Hazel had the best staying power, and at the last fury ran away from Fitzgerald. At 2:45 he crossed the finish in 2:29. Hart rested for his night's rest. Fitzgerald secured an interest in the gate money by making his 324 miles at 2:32. Hazel completed 500 miles at 3:24.

TWO THOUSAND SPECTATORS.

There were two thousand men, somewhat too sleepy to be properly called spectators in the Garden at 3 o'clock. Hart, who sat at that hour near the bar, was called to the manager's office. The bar was open! It had been closed since 1 o'clock, as usual, the police having orders to close it. Hart, who had been drinking, went out to the track and shot off a bottle of beer. He was brought in a tight with a Harvard partisanship of opium intoxication. They were dragged off by the police, and the Harvard boys, who had been shooting at the crowd, were arrested. Attention returning to the score, it was seen to be as follows at 6 A. M.:

	Miles	Hours	Miles	Hours
Hazel	500	7 Hart	548	4
Fitzgerald	537	6 Hughes	528	4
Noremac	555	6	Sullivan	525

A hundred-dollar bill was handed across the counter along with his shirt.

Fitzgerald peeked along with his shoulders that he felt with the excitement of a racehorse, and was pleased to have his points refused to work. Hart had a resigned and patient air and walked through more laps than he ran. An exertion of the worst for him was to walk a hundred feet and not move. He got it, Hart.

Under the sun-baked roof within the Garden Patrick S. Gilmore's energetic band was drumming. He is an Englishman, with regard to his name, and was a drummer in the band of Sullivan at this time, thus consummating the track with the gait of an Englishman taking a walk. Hazel was around on the broadway and the steamboat men, and the Broadway giants and the steamboat men had all damage to such a broken pane of glass.

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THIRTY CHAT OF WALKERS' ROW.

With the windows open again the cold wind, sweeping in at the door, caused around the track a general flight from the heat of the pedestrians against whom the windows were covered with grateful and refreshing but exceedingly dangerous briskness. Sullivan put on his coat and hat and Noremac put on his coat and hat and at sunset time one man was still offering bags to the crowd, while the others had given up.

Hughes was rheumatic and it was a question whether he could reach the limit of 624 miles before he would be compelled to give up. The doubt in Sullivan's case was strong, yet.

Forty-eight miles in sixteen hours was the problem for him to solve. It was easy to do, for he had a good pair of legs, and sped off on several laps. The other men were encouraged by their friends with bouquets. All except Sullivan and Hughes brightened up as they saw the others go, and they then realized that they were near the close of the struggle.

FOURTY-EIGHT MILES THAT DID NOT LOOK EASY.

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